

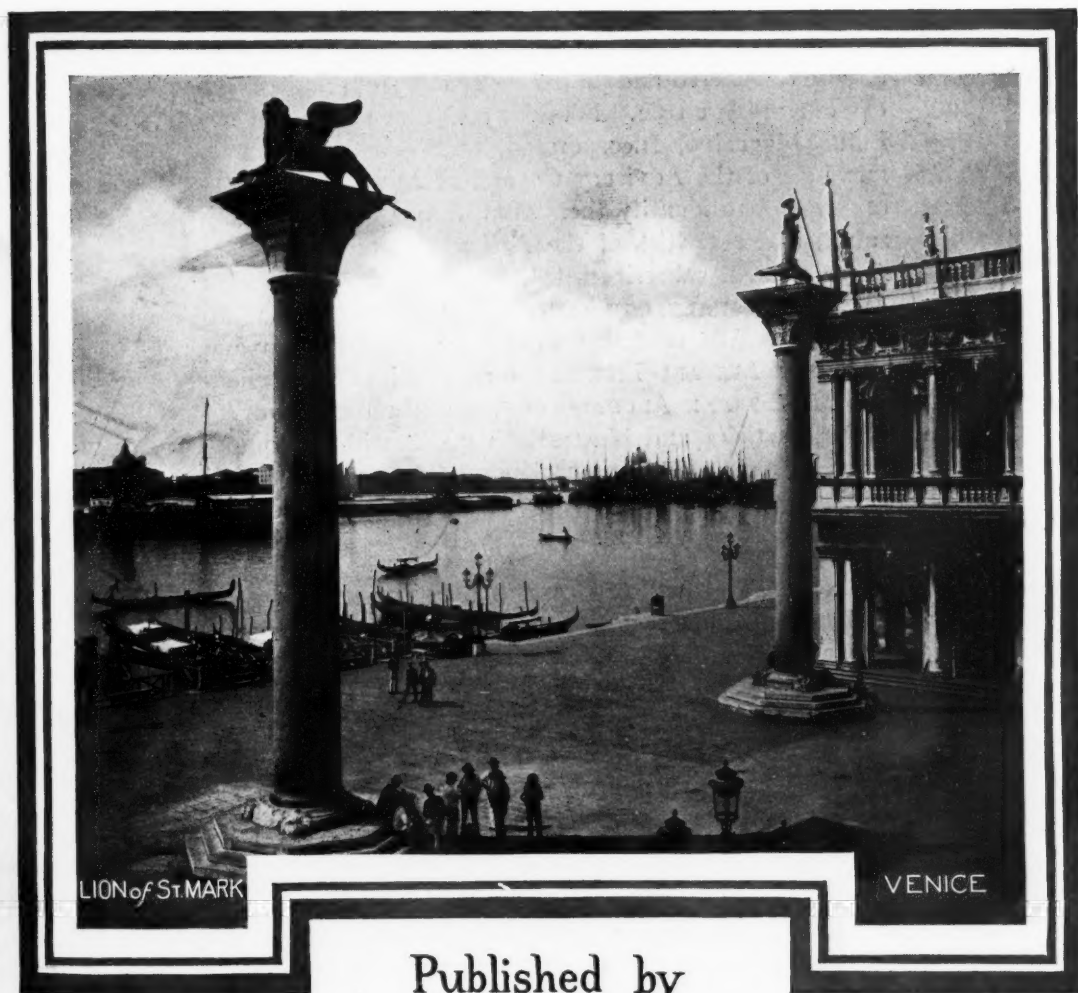
ART AND LIFE (NEW YORK) COMBINED WITH ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

VOL. IX, No. 5

CORNUELL UNIVERSITY  
CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT

MAY, 1920

# ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



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## EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

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WE are pleased to announce to our readers the amalgamation of ART AND LIFE, incorporating the Lotus Magazine, New York, with ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, beginning with this number. These two periodicals with their strong appeal to cultured people interested in "the Arts Throughout the Ages" will therefore be considered and published as one from now on under our present title. Founder and Life Patrons of the Lotus Magazine, Incorporated, are invited to become members of the Advisory Council of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY and to identify themselves fully with the organization and activities of the Archaeological Institute of America. All subscribers to ART AND LIFE will receive ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY for the unfilled term of their subscriptions. We cordially welcome the supporters and readers of ART AND LIFE to the rapidly increasing clientele of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, and shall endeavor to present articles and illustrations which will be equally pleasing to our old and new friends. To this end we shall publish from time to time papers which had been accepted for publication by ART AND LIFE.

The steady growth of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, in spite of the distractions and difficulties and constantly soaring prices of everything pertaining to the printer's art during the past few years, is primarily due to the enthusiastic support of our friends. Your good will is our best asset. Will you not kindly recommend the magazine to others and seek to bring them into the choice and intimate circle of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY readers?

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# ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

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ART AND LIFE (NEW YORK) COMBINED WITH ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

VOLUME IX

MAY, 1920

No. 5

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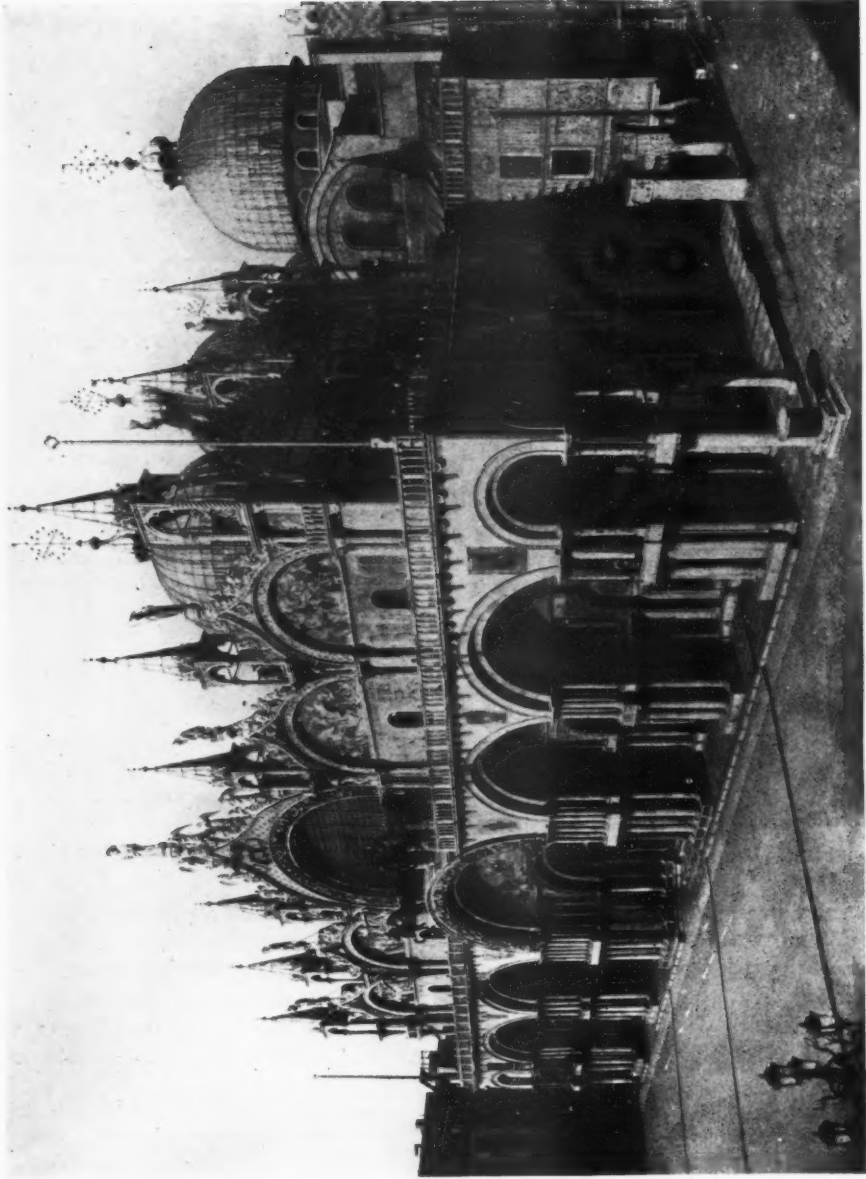
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Basilica of St. Mark's. Vista of the Piazzetta.



# ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

*The Arts Throughout the Ages*

VOLUME IX

MAY, 1920

NUMBER 5

## VENICE, THE MUNICIPAL REPUBLIC.

By JOHN CANDEE DEAN

VENICE was never a territorial state; she was a municipal state.

She was not the capital of Venetian territory, but was herself the whole state. Brescia, Verona, Padua, Vicenza, Cyprus, Crete and other possessions were dependencies and had no voice in the government of the Republic. The City of Venice was supreme over all her Italian and Mediterranean territory. During the fifteenth century, with but 200,000 inhabitants, she was mistress of provinces populated by millions.

For thirteen centuries no hostile troops ever secured a footing on her shores. This security from invasion made possible the light beautiful style of building that still enchants the eye of all visitors. Venetian architecture proclaims peace and security without defence. The sky line of her roofs are wreathed in graceful imagery of golden globes and floral forms. Sullen feudal walls, machicolated corbels and moated bastions were never erected at Venice. Of the towers that lift their graceful forms above her palaces not one was for defense. Of the millions of piles forced into her sands, none was driven to sup-

port city wall, or fortress. Her most costly palaces were built at the water's edge, where an enemy might have forced in the entrance doors and windows, with their spears, without leaving their boats. Her noble palace of state faced the lagoon, destitute of even a parapet to separate it from the water, and at times of extremely high tide, its supporting columns were washed by the sea.

In time the highest legal authority of the state became vested in the Council of Forty. Membership in the Council of Forty, the Senate, and in the Great Council of 480 members, was limited to families whose ancestors had, within a certain period, sat in previous councils. The constitution of Venice, however, was not fully perfected until the creation, in the fourteenth century, of another body called the Council of Ten. This was a powerful committee of public safety which exercised almost unlimited powers down to the final overthrow of the Republic.

As the strong and capable oligarchy developed, commerce expanded, wealth accumulated, grand churches and splendid palaces were built. In 1301, the



THE DOGE'S PALACE: JUDGMENT CORNER.  
Subject of the Group—The Judgment of Solomon.



THE DOGE'S PALACE: NOAH CORNER.  
Subject: Drunkenness of Noah.



VENDRAMIN PALACE.  
Grand Canal.



GROUP AT CANOVA'S TOMB.  
Designed by Canova, Church de' Friari.





BRONZE HORSES OF ST. MARK'S.



## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

erection of the present Doge's Palace was begun. This great work of Venice engaged her best architects and masons, her greatest painters and decorators. It has no archetype in the world. The arcaded sea front was completed about the year 1420 but that facing the Piazzetta, or public square, was not finished until 1439. Architecturally it has been to Venice what the Parthenon was to Athens. Its design combine Gothic, Arabic and Roman influences and it has been called the central building of the world. Its type of architecture was not the result of slow development, but was the spontaneous invention of one man who produced and established in perfection a national style which was followed as long as Gothic architecture prevailed in Venice. This genius was Pietro Baseggio, sculptor chief architect and engineer of the oldest part of the present palace. He devised the beautiful quatrefoil tracery that pierces the walls over the arches of the second story which afterwards became the characteristic form of the Venetian Gothic arch employed with many modifications in a large number of private palaces built during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The sea front of the Ducal Palace exhibits the full strength of its Gothic powers. Above the lace-like tracery of its arches is a lofty third story faced with red and white marble blocks, in large diaper pattern. The cornice does not project but terminates in carved marble crestings similar to those that crown the walls of Arabian mosques. In beauty of design, richness of invention and masterly execution its columns are unsurpassed by any in Europe. Probably the Judgment Corner is noticed more by travelers than any other angle, because of its proximity to St. Mark's Church and to the palace entrance. The Porta della Carta is the

magnificent gateway which forms the principal entrance to the palace. The figure kneeling before the lion over the gateway, is a portrait of Doge Francesco Foscari, the hero of Byron's tragedy, who completed the building in 1441.

The wealth of the republic was prodigious.

"Her daughters had their dowers,  
From spoils of nations, and the ex-  
haustless East,  
Poured in her lap all gems in spark-  
ling showers,  
In purple was she robed, and at her  
feast  
Monarchs partook, and deemed their  
dignity increased."

The wealth of Asia flowed through her hands and all Europe paid tribute to her merchant-princes. Her ships were laden with spices, nutmeg, mace, ivory, ebony, fragrant sandalwood, costly camphor from Borneo, rare fabrics from China and Bengal, diamonds from Golconda, pearls and precious stones from India and musk from Thibet. In 1362, while living in Venice, the poet Petrarch wrote as follows:

"From my window on the Riva degli Schiavoni, I see vessels, as large as my house with masts taller than its towers. They sail to all parts of the world, and brave a thousand dangers. They carry wine to England; honey to the Scythians; they return, laden with merchandise to be distributed all over Europe. Where the sea ends, their sailors quit the ships and travel on to trade with India and China; they cross the Caucasus and the Ganges and reach the Eastern Ocean."

The foreign policies of kings and parliaments have usually been framed to promote trade. As the Municipal Republic grew in power it exercised greater authority over foreign commerce; and



Lion of St. Mark's, Venice.

while individual Venetians still owned and navigated ships, they were subject to strict state regulations. Private vessels sailed with the state fleet, under command of officers appointed by the government, subject to all the rules of the fleet, and owners of vessels were not permitted to sell them except to Venetians.

The law regulated the size of ships, their model, equipment, number of their crews, their duties, anchors, cables etc. Each ship carried its band of music and the crew was proportioned to the load, one man to every ten thousand

pounds. In her glory Venice could master 3300 ships, 36,000 sailors and 16,000 dock hands. Her greatness, her wealth, her political power and the stability of her institutions, were chiefly due to her maritime supremacy and to her genius for commerce.

The Venetians had a passion for collecting columns from distant countries and Venice became a city of shafts and arches. Having no quarries of their own they were compelled to bring stone from great distances in ships of small tonnage. They built from the ruins of other cities and their highly cultivated

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sense of color led them to select the most costly marbles, jaspers, porphyrys, agates, and other intrinsically beautiful stones. Thus Venice was decorated with a wealth of precious marbles and St. Mark's became a shrine dedicated to the splendors of the spoils of war. The shafts were always cut from one block of stone, and were sometimes erected as mere objects of inherent beauty with no work imposed on them. Some of the columns in the interior of St. Mark's sustain no burden, and even the two ranges of beautiful columns in the façade, carry but little weight.

In the Piazzetta are two familiar shafts of Egyptian granite which were brought from Syria in the twelfth century. The gray column is surmounted by the famous bronze statue of the lion of St. Mark in Byzantine style which was cast and mounted in 1178. It was regarded by Ruskin as one of the grandest things produced by medieval art; admired by all men, but drawn by none. He says—"I have never seen a faithful representation of his firm, fierce, fiery strength." The red column carries the marble statue of St. Theodore and the Crocodile, placed there one hundred and fifty years later.

The population of Venice was too small to furnish soldiers for her armies, and the military spirit had softened by the pursuit of the peaceful arts; hence the condottieri or professional military captains, with their troops, were often employed to fight the battles of the Republic. These alien mercenaries were mostly cavalry, clad in heavy armor from head to foot.

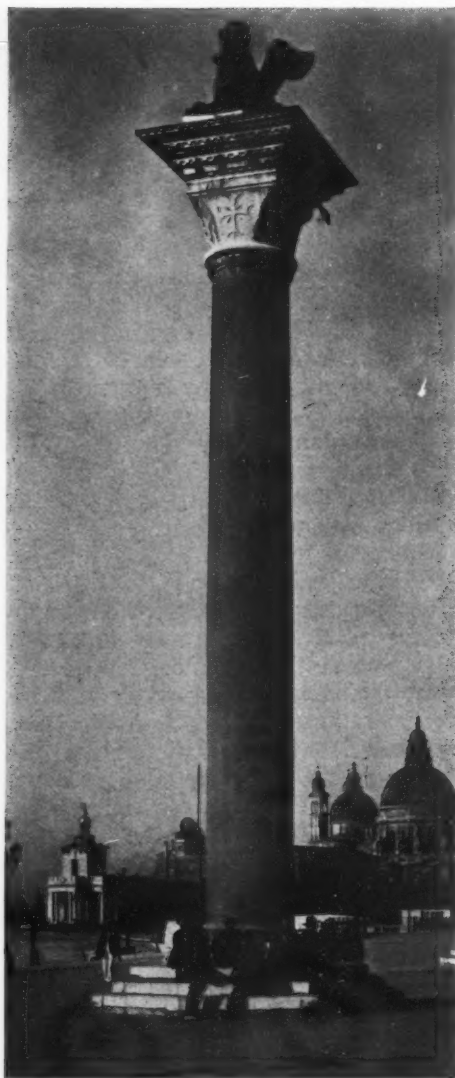
Before the end of the reign of Doge Foscari, a famous condottiere was employed by the Republic to win the duchy of Milan. This was Bartolemeo Colleoni, the foremost tactician of the fifteenth century. He was loved and

admired by the Venetians, was a great patron of the arts, and at his death left 100,000 ducats to the Republic.

The most famous piece of Venetian bronze work is the statue of Colleoni, said to be the finest equestrian statue in Europe. The original was modeled by Verrocchio, who died of a cold caught at the casting. It was finished by Alessandro Leopardi, who also designed and finished the pedestal. The beautiful bronze sockets for supporting three red masts in front of St. Mark's Church, were also wrought by Leopardi, who developed Venetian sculpture to its highest plane of perfection. These masts were used to display the gorgeous silk emblems of Morea, Cyprus and Candia, then dependencies of the Republic.

While Venice was a city of splendid churches, her government was the first to recognize the advantage of separating church from state. Ecclesiastics were excluded from any share in her councils, and when ecclesiastical matters came up for discussion, all senators who were in any way connected with the *Curia Romana*, were compelled to retire. No relative of the Doge was allowed to accept preferment from the Church. Bishops were chosen by the Senate from among the Venetians and criminal clericals were tried by civil courts. The clergy were subject to taxation. Sentences by the Inquisition were reviewed by civil officers, and, as a consequence, the stake was never erected in Venice. Thrice Venice came into serious conflict with the Pope and the interdict was issued, commanding all to cease trading with Venetians, or of paying debts due to them. Each time, sentence of excommunication was launched by the Pope. Notices of excommunication were forbidden to be posted in Venice, and the Doge in the

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THE GRAY GRANITE COLUMN.  
With Winged Lion of St. Mark.

Great Council declared that the Pope had no concern with things temporal.

The chief influence that made Venice the most important centre of printing in Italy, was the library of St. Mark's.

The books and manuscripts bequeathed to the Republic by Petrarch and Cardinal Bassarione formed the nucleus of the celebrated library. The beautiful building now known as the *Libreria Vecchia*, and still used for the Library of St. Mark's, was built by the Florentine architect and artist Sansoveno. Palladio declared that it was probably the richest, most ornate edifice erected since the time of the ancients.

Music was a passion with the Venetians. They were the first to establish the opera and Venice was the seat of ancient operatic schools. All the theaters of Italy drew musicians from Venice, and up to the eighteenth century, it was the greatest school of vocal music in all Europe. Her painters were masters of the subtleties of color and of aerial perspective. Titian, Tintoretto, Giorgione, Paul Veronese, the three Bellinis and other great painters covered the walls of Venice with masterpieces that spread their fame throughout Europe. They adorned the ceilings of the Ducal Palace, guilds, fraternities, and private palaces with superb representations of the glories of Venice.

About the year 1362 Petrarch described a tourney in the Piazza of St. Mark's as follows:

"The crowd was immense. Not an inch unoccupied, and yet no confusion, no tumult, no ill-humor. The sport was held in that square to which the world cannot show a match. The Doge and his suite viewed the spectacle from the platform in front of the church where stand the four horses, and, to shield him from the sun, a rich and many-colored awning was spread above us. I was there myself at the Doge's right. The Piazza, the church front, the tower, the roofs, the porticoes, pre-



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sented a living wall of people. At one side of the basilica was a magnificent pavilion for the Venetian ladies, who to the number of four hundred lent splendor to the scene. Some cousins of the King of England were present, and the strangers were amazed at the sight of so much magnificence."

The primal cause of the decline of Venice is usually attributed to the discovery by Vasco da Gama of the passage to India around the Cape of Good Hope in 1497, by which the world's trade shifted from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and passed into the hands of the Dutch, Portuguese and English. This route saved the breaking of bulk between India and Europe and avoided the duties exacted by the Turks of Syria and Egypt.

We hear much cant nowadays regarding the debasing influence of commercialism, and the historian is apt to assign wealth and luxury as potent causes of the decay of nations and the fading of arts. Yet no nation has been preeminent in art and general culture that did not excel in commerce, and no nation has been great commercially that was not successful in war. Human progress is intellectual. The Venetians began to show a decline of intellectual vigor in the early part of the fifteenth century. The defeat of Carlo Zeno for Doge in 1414 was indicative of political retrogression. Up to that time the Venetians had selected the ablest and noblest man among them for their Doge or Ruler. He was surrounded by a strong, truly noble, and capable aristocracy, which really represented the best class of citizens. The feudal system was never extended to Venice, she, therefore, escaping feudal influences, and as a consequence class distinctions were not sharply drawn. Here was found the greatest tranquillity and con-



BRONZE SOCKET.

There are three of these for supporting the red masts in front of St. Mark's Church. Made by Leopardi.

centration of wealth in any European state.

During eleven hundred years the victories of Venice had been purchased by the sacrifice of her bravest and strong-

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est men. The best that she bred, including two Doges, died in battle. In time, destructive military selection displaced the processes of natural selection; the unfit survived to become the fathers of future generations of inferiors, whom fame could not use.

The discovery of the Cape Route; the turmoils of Italian politics; the advent of France and Spain, and the League of Cambray all combined had far less destructive influences than the extinction of Olympian men by long wars. The weak and cowardly survived, and from their brood sprang lovers of luxury and vice. The card table, the coffee house, the play and fatuous masquerading displaced the serious interests of life. Venice was in her dotage when she became—

"The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of  
Italy."

Arts declined, except those subservient  
to vice and luxury. Trade languished,

population decreased, while public shows increased in splendor. The procession of Doges stretching back for nearly three centuries contained but one name of historic prominence, that of Francesco Morosini, Doge from 1688 to 1694.

Beyond the Alps a man rose naturally to Emperorship, for whom the dying Republic had long been waiting. In May 1797 Napoleon approached, with his battalions, and the ancient municipal republic "Sank like a seaweed into whence she rose." For the first time in more than a thousand years the isles of Venice were trodden by the feet of conquering soldiers. Thirteen hundred and seventy-six years after the establishment of Venice as a state Napoleon proclaimed the Republic a thing of the past, and the last of the Doges passed his cap to an attendant saying—"Take it away, we shall not need it again."

*Indianapolis, Ind.*

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### To The Demeter of Cnidos

*(Written in the British Museum.)*

BY

EDNA WORTHLEY UNDERWOOD

---

Lone waters where the ships vex not the sea,  
Dim lakes at twilight where the lilies sleep  
And blacken with their whiteness deep on deep,  
Are not serene as is the brow of thee.  
Some far-off sun of peace I can not see  
Shines still upon thy cheek and chin which keep  
A shadowed splendor where I fain would steep  
My soul in sunsets of serenity.

Great Mother, on thy throne of tragic calm  
Which shakes me as the sunlight shakes the star,  
Just once, Great Mother, ere for aye I cease,  
Upon my futile heart let fall this balm  
Grant me to glimpse within some gate ajar  
The pearl-pale sunrise of thy pagan peace.

\* See illustration, ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, IX p. 199 (April, 1920.)



## MINO DA FIESOLE.

By ALLAN MARQUAND.

**M**INO da Fiesole (1431-1448) is one of a group of Florentine marble sculptors who flourished during the second half of the fifteenth century. To this group belonged also Desiderio da Settignano, from whom Mino received much inspiration, Antonio Rossellino, Benedetto da Majano and Matteo Civitali. Each of these sculptors exhibited in his work more or less of the accomplishments of preceding sculptors, and each had his own individual peculiarities.

Mino in his busts and reliefs exhibits a strong realistic sense: such as the late Gothic sculptors displayed, especially in designing floral forms, or such as Donatello revealed in his portrait sculpture. But realistic sculpture was not Mino's chief delight, and we find him more interested in decorative sculpture.

As decoration, what could be more charming than the tomb of Bishop Salutati, with its exquisitely designed pilasters and the sarcophagus decorated with such originality and charm. The rounded sarcophagus is raised aloft on brackets, leaving below a sheltered, panelled wall where the fine bust of the Bishop is displayed to great advantage. All the details of the bust indicate that it is Mino's handiwork. There are a number of busts attributed to Mino, of which that of the Bishop Leonardo Salutati of Fiesole is the finest. It exhibits Mino's decorative sense, his refinement and grace, and withal a realistic sense of life to which he was no stranger. The kindly old Bishop lives in this bust, shedding a personal influence down through the ages. No wonder that the sculptor of this bust,

though born in the Casentino and educated in Florence, came to be known as Mino da Fiesole. It is Fiesole that still rejoices in the possession of Mino's best work, the tomb and the marble altar-piece erected in memory of Bishop Salutati.

Of the many busts attributed to Mino we mention as especially characteristic—that of Rinaldo della Luna in the Bargello, a fine bust of a young woman in the Berlin Museum, and the bust of Diotisalvi Neroni, in the Dreifus Collection, Paris.

There can be little doubt that Mino was occupied in relief portrait sculpture as well as in sculpture in the round. In the tomb of Bernardo Giugni in the Badia, Mino introduced in the lunette a portrait medallion of the occupant of the tomb. Possibly on this account there have been attributed to Mino a relief portrait of Francesco Sforza and a companion relief of Federigo di Montefeltro Duke of Urbino. The portrait of Federigo seems not unrelated to Piero della Francesca's well known portrait of the Duke in the Uffizi gallery. The attribution of these marble reliefs to Mino may not be absolutely secure, but for the present it is not a very wild guess to associate them with the Salutati bust as early works by Mino.

Portrait sculpture and religious sculpture were closely associated in Florence. Donatello did not hesitate to make living persons represent the Prophets of the Old Testament; Botticelli and other artists transformed beautiful women into Saints or impersonations of Our Lady herself. Similarly Desiderio and Mino were inspired by the youthful scions of Florentine



Bust of Bishop Salutati, Fiesole, Cathedral.

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Federigo, Duke of Urbino.  
Bargello, Florence.

families when they represented the Youthful St. John. According to Apocryphal legends the boyhood of the Baptist was spent in the desert. So he is represented wearing haircloth. There are several of these busts from Mino's atelier. The one in the Musée André, Paris, formerly in the Della Bardella collection, Florence, shows perhaps most of the master's handiwork, but the one here published seems also executed under the eye and in part at least by the hand of the master.

As a sculptor of Madonnas Mino was eminently successful. Here he found a field where delicacy and refinement were given their full value. In the Madonna of the Via Della Forca, we see the use of very low relief, introduced to

the Florentines by Donatello and Desiderio. The Madonna, seated on an ornamented faldstool, wearing a transparent veil, thinly robed, gazes with fond affection upon the Child who is seated on a cushion upon her lap. The youthful St. John stands in the background. The Florentines of the second half of the fifteenth century were not deeply religious and hence we feel it to be an affectation when Mino half closes the eyes of the Madonna and child, and St. John. True religious feeling is lacking, but no doubt Mino had seen in the churches many a lady of noble family with her well-instructed children in similar religious pose.



Ciborium at S. Croce.



The Youthful St. John.

The medallion of the Madonna from the Badia is still more characteristic of Mino's treatment of this subject. It comes from the lunette of the sepulchral monument of Count Ugo. This Count had died in 1016, leaving most of his fortune to this church. The monument, a somewhat belated memorial, was

commissioned by the Abbot Don Salvatore in 1469; it was unfinished when in 1471 Mino was summoned to Rome to make a tomb for Pope Paul II. I am inclined to believe that the Madonna was then already finished. It has a Florentine rather than a Roman character and represents Mino at his best. The Ma-

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



Madonna, Via della Forca, Florence.

donna and Child are well bred, without pretentious Roman grandeur. Head-dress and draperies are treated with a fine, decorative sense. We may wish for more open expression in the faces of both Madonna and Child—but for a sepulchral monument the artist has made a wise choice. Removed as it appears here from its surroundings, we feel nevertheless its solemn character. If not religious, Mino was certainly human, and here he exhibits a very proper respect for the dead.

Florentine sculptors were trained in architectural composition. Mino had commissions not only for free standing sculptures and reliefs, he had also to design tabernacles, altar-pieces, pulpits, tombs. Ciboria or tabernacles were depositories for the Sacred Host or for the

Holy Oil; sometimes attached to the wall, as in S. Croce, or free standing as in the Baptistry at Volterra. In the ciborium at S. Croce, sculptural decoration is subordinated to the architectural composition. Pilasters, architrave frieze, cornice, lunette, are all clearly expressed. The purpose of the monument is also evident. Before the door which shelters the elements of the Sacrament angels bearing candelabra bow in adoration. Below is the usual inscription HIC EST PANIS VIVVS Q(VI)DE CELO DESCENDIT. This particular ciborium had a considerable influence. With slight modifications it was repeated by the Della Robbias in glazed terra-cotta and found its way to almost every country church in Tuscany. Mino also made altar-pieces for Fiesole and Florence, pulpits for Prato and Rome, and many sepulchral monuments.



Madonna, Badia, Florence.





Ideal Portrait, Bargello, Florence.

Idealized portraiture was not foreign to the spirit of Mino. In the Bargello there is a very beautiful relief of a laurel-crowned young man inscribed

AVRELIVS CAESAR AVG. It is not a copy from a Roman coin, but an idealized representation of a noble young Florentine. So the charming



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Faith, Paul II Tomb, Rome.

relief inscribed ET IO DA MINO O AVVTO EL LVME, "I also from the hand of Mino beheld the light." Surely this cannot be, as has been suggested, the wife or daughter of the sculptor, but represents some noble lady from the high life of Milan, Florence, Urbino, or Rome. The peculiar headdress covered with ringlets, the pearls, the elaborate brocade recalls Piero Della Francesca's portrait of Battista Sforza, Duchess of Urbino, wife of Federigo. If not a por-

trait of that lady it certainly portrays a lady of similar high station.

In 1471 Mino was called to Rome to design a tomb for Paul II. He had already in 1463 worked in Rome upon a pulpit for Sixtus IV, which was to be erected on the exterior of St. Peter's. But Rome was a tragedy for Mino. This pulpit was never erected, and its many fragments are now hidden in the grottoes of the Vatican. In this second visit Mino was at once engaged upon a



Hope, Paul II Tomb, Rome.

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

splendid tomb in honor of Pope Paul II for the interior of St. Peter's. The base of the monument was decorated with putti and garlands; a second pedestal represented in niches Faith, Hope, and Charity, and reliefs of the creation of Eve and the Fall; in the center of the monument was the figure of the Pope upon a sarcophagus, with a relief of the Resurrection on the wall behind; beyond the two engaged columns which supported the entablature were the four Evangelists in niches; overhead, the lunette with a relief of the Last Judgment surrounded by highly decorated mouldings. Our general notion of the tomb is based on a drawing made by Ciacconius in 1630. Today the tomb is dismembered and fragments of it dispersed. A part of the pedestal is in the Museum of the Louvre, other fragments are in the dark grottoes of the Vatican. Thus Mino's career in Rome was a tragic one. His two principal monuments have been dispersed and the many others designed for various churches were executed in conjunction with other sculptors, Andrea Bregno of Milan, Isaia of Pisa, Giovanni of Dalmatia. Mino's individuality was

thus undervalued in the cosmopolitan city. Still we cannot fail to recognize his handiwork, broadened, imperialized, but still characteristic. From the monument of Paul II we reproduce the reliefs of Faith and Hope. Faith, with chalice and cross, is certainly the handiwork of Mino da Fiesole. It is signed OPVS MINI. The noble ladies of Florence fixed in Mino's mind the type which recurs in his female Saints and Madonnas. His draperies are still Florentine and *sui generis*. At the other end of the pedestal Hope with folded hands looks heavenward. She is more robust in type and her draperies are fashioned in a very different manner. On the base of this statue is inscribed IOANNIS DALMATA OPVSE. Hence we can distinguish clearly between the work of Mino da Fiesole and of his coöperator Giovanni Dalmata. Mino's style was not materially changed by his visit to Rome, but his Madonnas henceforth became more pretentious, more disdainful, less genuinely aristocratic, slightly more Roman, somewhat less Florentine.

*Princeton University.*





CLOUDS.

Thiel Gallery, Bronze, Hosse Collection, Berlin, Bronze, by David Edstrom.

## DAVID EDSTROM—AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

By GERTRUDE RICHARDSON BRIGHAM

**A**N ARTIST of versatile moods is the Swedish-American sculptor, David Edstrom. Sometimes it is in the grand and monumental that his temperament seeks expression, again in the purely lyric composition, and at other times in the more studied portrait. Certainly he is never commonplace, but always one finds in him the profound psychologist, penetrating beneath the surface and portraying in his work the psychic character of the subject. He is the Romanticist, but at the same time always faithful to realism. Perhaps he might be termed with propriety a Romantic-Realist.

An exalted love of life may be observed as the basic quality of Edstrom's work. He has also been characterized as "essentially a sculptor who conceives in relation to air, light and shade."

His study of human passions has found expression in metaphysical

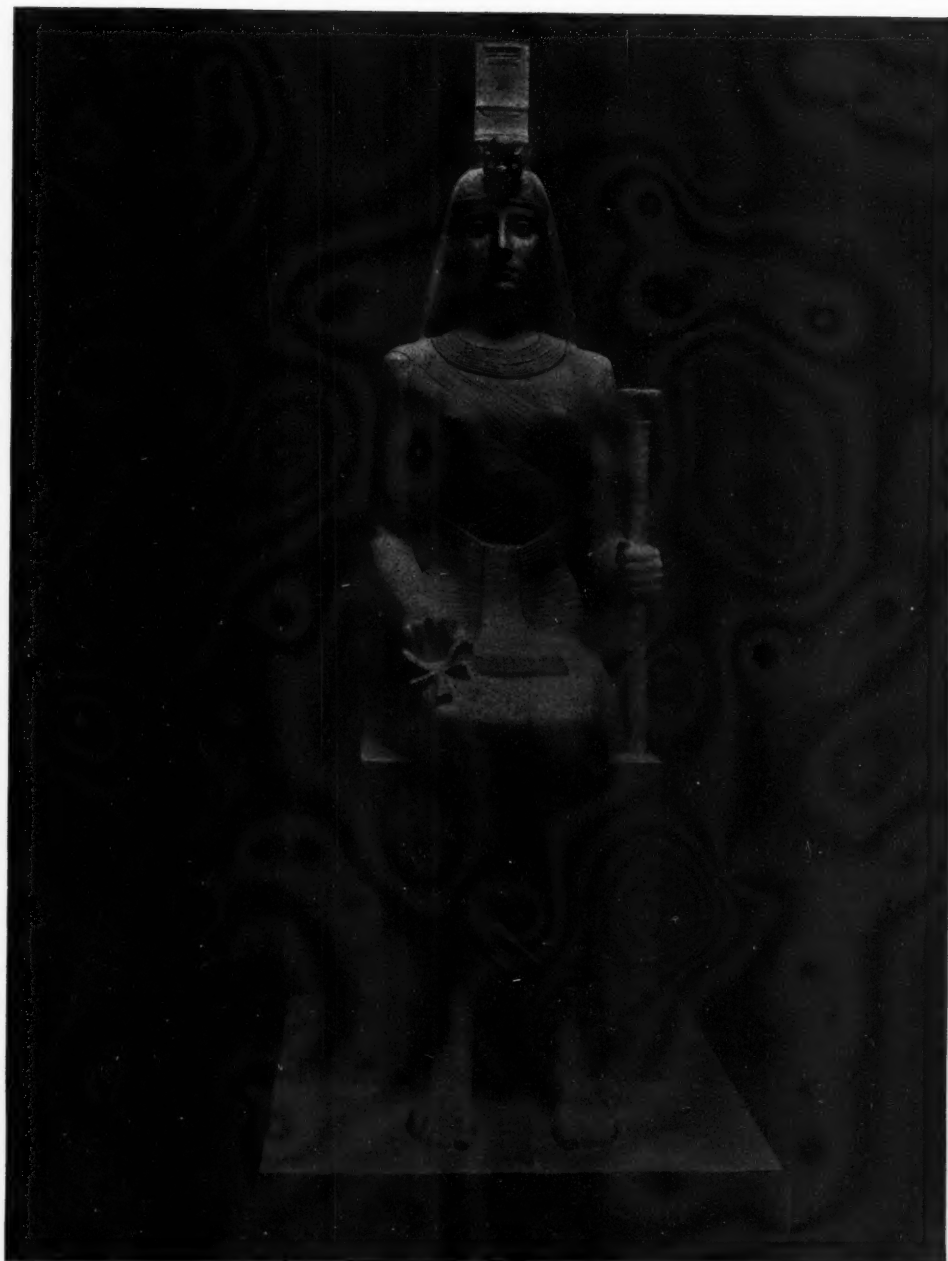
sculptures, portraying "Fear," "Pride," "Envy," "Caliban," "The Cry of Poverty." In the last-named, the artist has sought to represent the whole of humanity, stretching out in misery the helpless hand. This was suggested to him on his way home late one evening, when he was accosted by a beggar with outstretched hand. The impression became an obsession from which the sculptor could free himself only by giving it plastic expression.

One may turn away in horror, even in disgust, from Edstrom's psychological delineation of "Fear," a creature half human, half brute, distorted in an agony of terror. But one will return, asking, "What was it, after all, that I saw there, in that terrible thing?" The sculptor's explanation is this: "I observed, with men and animals, that the effect of fear is to produce contraction; the whole being seems to recede



OPHELIA.

By David Edstrom. Marble Winter Exhibition, National Academy of Design, New York



ISIS.

By David Edstrom. Scottish Rite Temple, Washington, D. C.





**THE ATHLETE.**  
By David Edstrom. Terra-cotta original in private collection,  
Bronze, in National Museum, Stockholm.



**COLONEL J. T. TREZEVANT,**  
Confederate Army Veteran.  
By David Edstrom. Marble, privately owned in Texas.



## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

towards the heart, as though it would hide there or vanish entirely. It was this discovery which I sought to portray in the figure called 'Fear.'"

Of the "Caliban," a demon awakened through suffering, the artist wrote the lines:

"Let not Thy light break through the veil of flesh,  
Quickening before its time, the seed of immortality.

Until the base elements which ensowathe my soul,

Respond to Thee."

A silver medal was awarded for this sculpture at the St. Louis Exposition, in 1904.

Not all of Edstrom's work is so terrible. There are graceful, idealistic subjects, which make one question, "Is it the same artist—this sculptor of consummate beauty, of aesthetic rapture?" There is the lovely "Ophelia," a lyric conception in marble, recently shown in the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York. Another is the "Clouds," a marvelous composition in bronze, of light and airy cloud forms, two recumbent figures. "Day and Night" are represented by a youth and maiden on whose shoulders rests the world. In the enigmatic "Sphinx" the Egyptian type is retained but with a strong infusion of what might be called modern mysticism.

Two Egyptian statues, "Isis" and "Nephthys," recently unveiled in the Scottish Rite Temple, Washington, D. C., exhibit classic qualities of dignity and repose, with regal splendor. "Isis" symbolizes the ruling intelligence, spiritual intuitions and domination, while "Nephthys" represents the earth and the instincts. Problems of costume have been faithfully studied and Egyptian ideas complied with in these works, as comprehended by the sculptor from "The Book of the Dead."

In Edstrom's Canadian war memorial, dedicated at Montreal by H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, there is striking beauty in the whole composition and particularly in the wonderfully expressive faces of the young soldiers.

With his portraits Edstrom is especially successful. The British critic, Major Haldane Macfall, says of this work, "The basic value of a portrait is the utterance of character; and with



JOHN ERICSSON MONUMENT.  
Proposed Memorial over the Inventor of the *Monitor*,  
by David Edstrom.

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what power Edstrom states character!"

\* \* \* Under his method of treatment "the clay becomes an affair of lights and shadows, moving like a live thing in the atmosphere," producing an extraordinary illusion to the eye. There is a gracious quality in the charming bust of Karin Ek, the Swedish poetess, whose temperament and writings have been compared to those of Sappho. In this portrait we feel also a Renaissance quaintness. Among Edstrom's patrons have been the royalties of Sweden, Princess Patricia of Connaught, Ellen Key, and many other celebrities of Europe and America, including the Swedish minister at Washington.

Edstrom was employed by the city of Gothenburg in 1914-15 on plans for the Public Square. In his more recent study for the John Ericsson Monument the conception and decorations are all handled in ancient Far-Northern rune style. Edstrom's symbolic group, "The Significance of the League of Nations" teaches a profound lesson of sympathy. (See frontispiece, *ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY*, VIII, No. 6, Dec. 1919.)

This Swedish-American sculptor of the Middle West has risen through great difficulties. At thirteen he was a newsboy, eagerly studying the faces about him and wishing to draw them. Later as a factory-lad of twenty-one the vision came to him, and he made his way as a tramp from Ottumwa, Iowa, to New York, and thence stoked his passage to Stockholm. There he starved and studied under much hardship, in the Technical School and then

the Royal Academy. Afterward he worked in all the great art centers of Europe, and in a comparatively few years' time had risen to marked recognition. He has successfully exhibited in London, Paris, Florence, Vienna, Venice, Munich, Amsterdam, Stockholm, and Gothenburg, besides New York and elsewhere in America.

Now he has returned to the United States, and is at present engaged upon a monumental subject in his studio in New York. Edstrom believes and preaches that "American Art must grow out of the soil of America, must be created by America, of America, for America. It must conform to and find its means of existence in the nature, life, traditions and ideals which constitute and govern America."

In his intellectual keenness and analytical intensity, as expressed in Edstrom's work, one may feel a kinship to Swedenborg's mysticism, again a reflection of Greek simplicity and completeness, and further the awakened spirit of the Renaissance. He gives promise of far greater things to come, of some day fulfilling a modern critic's description of the celebrated Renaissance sculptor: "At last appeared the man who was the pupil of nobody, the heir of everybody, who felt profoundly and powerfully what to his precursors had been vague instinct, who saw and expressed the meaning of it all."

"Do not say how well I have done!" pleads David Edstrom. "Rather demand, why have I achieved so little, why have I not accomplished more?"

*Smithsonian Institution.*

## THE WAR SERIES OF CLAGGETT WILSON.

By HARRIET HUNGERFORD

EXHIBITIONS of French war pictures we have had, and have looked at reverently—but with disappointment. English war pictures have hung in popular galleries and with reverence have we looked at these also—still with the same unconfessed disappointment, as though it were untrue to our allies not to like them. But the American war pictures—where were they?

The recent exhibition of Claggett Wilson's war pictures at Knoedler's answers the question. But when they are called war pictures, the story is not half told. They go far beyond the paintings that portray marches, muddy roads, crater holes, trenches, in an effort to give the *mise-en-scène* of the Great War. Nearly every one makes an appeal to the imagination, and therein lies its power. Nearly every one sets one thinking, nearly every one arouses feeling almost as intense as actuality can do.

Claggett Wilson has found the secret of arousing in others the emotions he himself feels, and that he feels intensely is patent. For this reason his war pictures will live. When other pictures of the Great War have become to us mere records of arms, of uniforms and of trench warfare, these paintings will continue to make their spiritual appeal as vividly as now. As an example of what he sees in war, with a poetic and spiritual vision, is the vivid picture of Marie Consolatrice—a night of glowing blue enfolding the quiet fields of pain, and rising high above the trenches, tall and slim, the figure of a Gothic Virgin, on her face a holy, enigmatic smile, in her arms the Child, whose eyes she covers

with a slender hand lest he see the anguish of which she is the consolatrix. Poetry, reality, the eternal pain of man, and the eternal refuge, these are told in language that all men understand.

The hospital picture is more than a room of cots, it is the timid fearsome return of a soul to consciousness. The picture is dominated by the figure, flatly painted, of a colossus that has its head against the ceiling, its broad torso filling half the wall, a wonderful fantasy such as comes to the sick, a being belonging to the spirit world where one has wandered in the long blank. A little more of reason's light, and the figure is traced to a gowned surgeon standing before a lamp, and the huge genie is but his shadow. Then at last cots are visible, and men upon them. Thus does one severely wounded return, step by step, from that land of nothingness which is so near to death.

Terrible things there are in this series of pictures, that have to do with tortured bodies, but somehow they are never portrayed without conveying an ideal of heroism, of spirituality or of elation. There is for example the runner who has lost an arm, but who has triumphantly got through with his message. A picture of the first dressing station shows a surgeon binding a wound in the side of a slim fair body which is held standing with arms out—instantly one thinks of the voluntary pain of Christ, and the brotherhood of suffering.

With all his delicate sentiment, and deep spirituality, Claggett Wilson is a modern in art. The method of the academician is never his. He paints with broad significant strokes, with wide



VISION.  
Easter Morning in the Trenches before Rheims.



SALAD.  
A Cleaned-up Machine Gun Nest, Bois de Belleau.



## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

surfaces of color, and sometimes with great intensity of tone. He has studied long the vivid pallor of dawn over the trenches, and has absorbed the beauty of velvet nights and has vibrated to the pulse of white noon. These things he uses with powerful effect of contrast with his subjects—as when he paints a fair June day, a tree-girdled wheat field thrilling in the breeze, all this as a setting for a detachment of marines, springing with hope, these lithe young boys, yet just beginning to fall before a hidden machine gun.

These pictures all are the portrayal of scenes which were burned into heart and brain, and each one has its story. Lieutenant Wilson volunteered with the Marines as soon as we entered the war. He fought with the French the first few months. He was twice wounded and was gassed, returning ever to the tense business of winning the war. His experiences were those of Chateau Thierry, Bois de Belleau, Chemin des Dames, the Argonne forest, and he was fighting when the armistice was signed, after which he went into Germany.

During the war he found occasion on which to scratch down notes of scenes, hasty scribbles on the lined pages of note books. Later when peace gave more leisure he began painting with furious fervor, and finished about forty aquarelles.

With this precious vintage in the ship's hold, he started home. None knows how, but the paintings were lost.

A less determined man might have accepted his fate, but Claggett Wilson hid himself on the Maine coast all last summer and early winter and worked unsparingly to repaint the lost scenes. He so thoroughly defied destiny that the second set of pictures are more inspired than the first.—so he says himself.

Twice he has painted for a year in Spain, and the evidence of that is plain in all work of his former manner. His series called "A Spanish Holiday" is full of poignant suggestion in color, in drawing, in subject. He lived while there among the bull-fighters of Andalusia, and in sympathy with the fascinations of the Spanish gypsy as seen on the other side of the Darro.

Earlier yet, he studied in New York's Art schools, and earlier still he was a lad in Washington, D. C., where his teachers fell under the cruelty of a lad's humorous and facile pencil.

What he will do next is being discussed as though a creator in art had any choice but to express the things that are within him. Wilson will choose his own work, and judging by these War pictures, he will always have something vital and vivid to say.

One and another is trying to pluck from the War Series their own favorites. For the good of the many, it is to be hoped that the artist will persist in his decision to keep them intact. They are America's best contribution to art of the war. A feeling of patriotism should impel us to protect them as a whole.

*New York City.*

## FLANDERS IN JUNE

By HELEN MANSFIELD

### I

Horizons wide and level distances,  
With silvered grove and spire, or gentle swell;  
The varied crops, in their young harmony,  
One vast unbroken stretch of soft rich green;  
The water-courses masked with osier-tufts;  
Chateaux with stately groves of copper-beech,—  
Three-score fifteen would be their measured mark,—  
Estates secure within a bounding ditch:  
Stone cottages, red-tiled or, maybe, thatched,  
Banked up in orchards:—All is fair to see  
By fleeting shower or rain-washed sharp June air.

And Ghent is full of flowering elder-bloom,  
Swaying its tender tracery 'twixt canal  
And mould'ring church or hospice's blackened stones.  
The beauty!—and the memories:—"the strife,  
The pride, the fury uncontrollable."

### II

'Twas hereabouts was acted that strange scene  
When Charles the Bold, taking his father's place,  
Had come to Ghent for her acknowledgement.  
And suddenly above the people's heads,  
A man, who sprang up from they knew not where,  
Stood on the balcony and spoke to them.  
No heed he paid to Duke or Counsellor,  
But rudely forced a passage to the front,  
And on the railing struck an iron hand.

### III.

"Brothers down there!" he said, "assembled now  
To lay your grievances before your prince,  
What is your first demand?—The punishment  
Of those who robbed your prince's power and yours.  
Is it not so?"—The people answered yes.  
"You want that tax abolished?"—"Yes!" again:—  
"You want your closed gates opened?"—"Yes, and yes!"  
"You want to rule again the open land,—  
Wear white capotes, all as ir days gone by?"  
And when their answering shout filled all the square,—  
And not before, he turned him to the Duke:  
"My lord," he said, "you hear the people's will.  
Dismiss me now. 'Tis your part to fulfill."  
The Duke looked on his lords, and they on him,  
Uncertain how to cope with one who braved  
His prince more roughly than he would have done  
The simplest chevalier in Christendom;  
Then faintly said he had been overbold.—  
He passed from sight, and in three days the Duke  
Had signed all these demands to get away.  
In two years' time he had avenged that day.

### IV

From one town to the next the level road  
'Neath overarching boughs goes stretching on;  
The middle paved, where, drawn by two brave dogs  
That look not right or left, a tiny cart  
Bowls steadily on its unguided way,—  
The tenant coiled inscrutably within,  
Invisible.—Is this the Ghent Canal?  
Its towing path deserted, set with elms;  
And Bruges, a mile away across the plain  
Dotted with farms, red-roofed with whitened walls,  
Unseen behind its circling belt of trees,—  
Lindens and poplars,—topped by Notre Dame  
And Saint Sauveur alone. The Belfry—where?  
That salient tree falls back to give it room.  
A magic hedge, and mystery within!  
A place to seek a fairy princess in  
Some dreamy July noon.

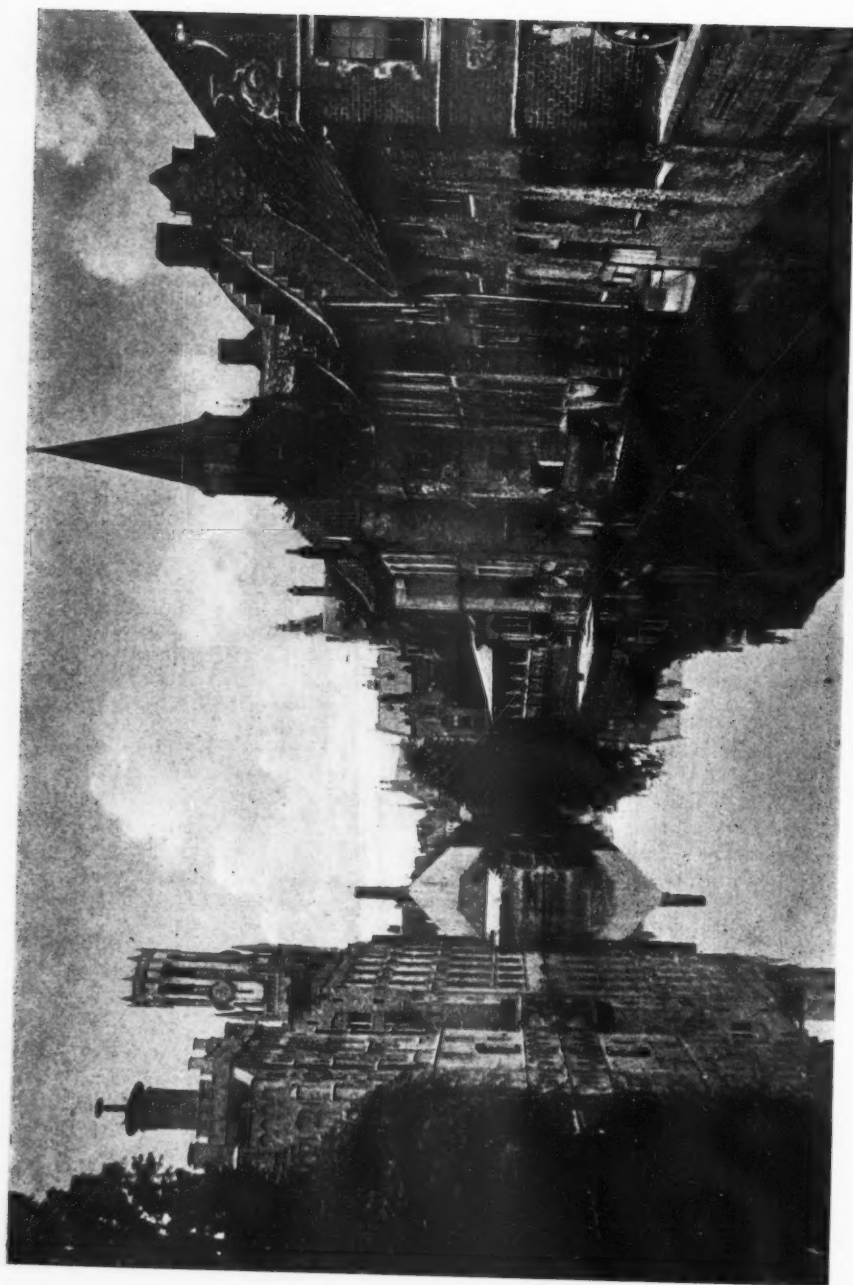
### V

But cross the moat!  
Fear not to enter on the silent streets,—  
And pass up boldly where dark Notre Dame  
And St. John's blackened front hem in the way:  
A narrow way, where every passer-by  
Must drive you from the curbing, or you him.—  
The Rue des Pierres:—the Belfry, looking o'er  
A row of quaint step-gables, stands aslant  
With air of strange remoteness,—for 'tis close,—  
Touched softly out against a flying sky  
Peppered with jackdaws—Bruges, at last!

### VI

The London of the past, her trade was kind  
To us late comers: for it went away,  
And left her in her beauty undisturbed,  
Dreaming among her bridges and her quays,  
Grass-grown and silent, vast waste spaces all.

Her narrow north canals, doubtless the bound  
Of a far smaller city, are grown up  
With shrubs that leave room for no bigger craft  
Than swallows, that go skimming up and down  
The shadowed way. The ruined bastion serves  
As garden-wall, nasturtium-capped, white strips  
Of garden moulder on the outer side,  
Flush with the water, held by rotting stakes,  
Untouched by all save hand of Time, or foot  
Of aged knitter, seated there content,  
Heedless of rheumatism.—Houses with base  
Reflected in the water under bridge,  
A story lower than the street we tread.



Bruges, "topped by Notre Dame and Saint Sauveur alone"

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



"The Minnewater from St. Katherine's Bridge"

What can they be within? Without, all flowers,  
While the canal twists, and gives or takes away  
Some beauty at each step. All angles march,  
Compose, dissolve,—are always beautiful,—  
And all is crowned with softest mottled tiles  
Once red, now everything, and always true.

### VII

The Minnewater from St. Katharine's Bridge  
At ten o'clock at night.—'Tis not yet dark  
In this long northern twilight. Color's gone,  
But every detail sharp, and Nctre Dame  
Flings down its tapering length almost among  
The water-lilies sleeping at our feet.

### VIII

See Bruges next morning from the steep rampart  
Under the blooming linder s' double row  
Of densest shade and fragrant pungency:—  
Fair Bruges within her weedy inner moat,  
Across a rich rose-garden, row on row  
Of low red roofs and gables roched and bent;  
And, though they're low, little but sky beyond  
For very flatness,—but the Belfry's there.

The other way, over the parapet,  
Steep slopes with shrubs and trees above the moat,  
Where blackbirds whistle sweetly out of sight—  
There turns the Ghent Canal, and far to south  
Stretch water-breathing meadows set with rows,—  
So close, 'tis marvel that one sees them all,—  
Of poplars, dim with every shade of grey;  
And yet 'tis fair, and one sees far today.

### IX

Back to St. John's, and through the garden pass:  
A convent-garden, closed on every side  
With whitewashed walls; the borders pebbled round:  
A stunted mulberry the only shade.  
You pass the kitchen with its great brass pans  
On to a rain-bleached portal, where you knock:  
And he who opens bears him like a priest  
Within a sanctuary,—and you enter there,  
As one who comes in silence to a shrine.—  
St. Catharine weds the babe upon a dais  
Behind a railing that you may not pass,  
Though you may have the volets turned at will,  
To show the patrons of the Hospital  
In blacks and pearly whites.—But the right wing

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



Hospital of St. John the Evangelist, Bruges

Bears all the sweetness, the nobility,—  
St. John the Evangelist, with that trusting look  
On his sweet homely face turned up to gaze  
Upon the fairest vision given man.  
And in the dark green water at his feet  
That vision casts the fragment of a bow;  
Just such an one as afterward I saw  
Under the ship's bow on the passage home.

The Reliquary's at your back, and there  
You see the story of St. Ursula  
In six small panels, three on either side,—  
With such sweet distances and clear faint skies,  
And soft bright hues, you cannot gaze enough.  
St. Ursula's in trouble with her maidens there,  
With whom, poor souls!—the dwellers on the Rhine  
Have taken issue: will not let them land,  
Because they are so ugly, I suppose.—

### X

Now the Museum! for St. Christopher  
And John Van Eyck, with his gold thread and gems.  
Beware of stepping on the candlesticks  
They're always setting here beside the path,  
To sun, in dozens, after polishing.  
See! here's a little epilobium.  
I do not know the name. It grows at home.

### XI

The towing-path beside the Sluys Canal.  
Some movement here, of barges to and fro,  
And bathing boys, between the double rows  
Of poplar-trees, their fuzzy blossoms swept  
Into a snowy wreath beside the path.—  
Wide, level fields of wheat stretch west, cut up  
At intervals by poppies in a trench,  
Where a small, tripping bird steps daintily,  
All black and white, a white spot on his crown.  
Grey willows, low red roofs, and back of all  
The dark-green mass that marks the Ostende road.

### XII

The towpath lures us on; but we must turn,  
And follow down the moat to enter at  
The Kruispoort,—Porte Ste. Croix,—the rampart where  
You overlook the gardens on that side;  
The soft pink walls of weathered brick, and whence  
You look across the roofs of all the town.  
But what goes there? The Lancers, coming in  
With reeking horses. Common folk must wait  
Until the long files pass; and two by two,  
They cross the bridge, and move in out of sight,—  
The pennons on their lances fluttering,



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Till blotted in the darkness of the arch,  
Nothing but soldiers in this month of June:—  
Knapsacks of spotted cow-skin, red and white,  
Good tempered boyish faces, and fair hair.  
At six a bugle rings along the street,  
And back they come at noon,—this monstrous square  
In its diagonal too great a space  
For a whole regiment marching by fours.

### XIII

What must have been the sight in other days  
When the guilds formed, and set their banners there!  
Or Charles or Philip, as the case might be,—  
Set up the lists in honor of his bride,  
While round about the tameless thousands surged.  
This space was made for them, and they are gone.  
Men call their empty places "Bruges la Morte,"  
"Une triste ville," and like condescending names.  
But one must first have lived, else cannot die;  
And when this summer moon, so broad and pale,  
Comes up and stands above the Rue des Laines,  
And, slanting over, throws its mellow light  
Behind the Belfry, and with hidden steps  
Creeps up and out, those vanished shapes come back  
And hold dominion, as they did of yore.

### XIV

'Tis Corpus Christi, and "la processée."  
The neatly-gathered heaps of dust removed,—  
Last vestiges of busy market-day,—  
The people gather in a solid wedge  
Upon the Grande Place, on the northern side  
Over against the Belfry, blocking up  
The Rue Philipp-Stock, where a shrine is set.  
Then comes down on them from a rush-strewn street  
A troop of Lancers, riding in platoon,  
And cuts a lane that keeps its width intact  
Till lined with gentlemen without their hats  
And in full dress, all bearing long brass rods,  
Supporting each a tiny swinging lamp.  
And on in endless series come whole troops  
Of angels with gilt wings, bare-headed monks,—  
Bare-footed, too,—in sandals and brown frocks;  
Groups of small toddlers, bearing up the ends  
Of long rose-garlands drooping from a pole;  
Pages in sky-blue silk; more angels still,—  
With white swans' wings, these last,—and then come  
priests  
In rich cream-colored robes all worked with gold.  
Red-skirted boys in white lace tunics swing  
The gilded censers with their reeking fumes,  
And now a gilded image of the Christ  
Is borne long, and all the people kneel.

### XV

Launched from above, the while, a mighty tone  
Out of the Belfry charges all the air  
With one unbroken note majestic. 'Tis the song



The Reliquary—"Story of St. Ursula"

Of the great bell "La Triomphe," fitly named.  
Hung not above a church, it bears no less  
A lofty message to the soul of man.  
Triomphe, what is thy will? Whate'er it be,  
I could not choose but do, under thy spell.  
Or wilt thou only that the sons of man  
Leave not their praying till thou set them free?  
O mellow-throated monster that thou art!  
Why do I love thee so? Thy voice is new  
To me, yet cometh to my eager ear  
Like strain long missed, most intimate, most dear.  
What would'st thou have of me, thou mighty one?  
Thou hast no need to ask:—thou canst compel.  
Dull soul were his that stirred not at thy call,  
Triomphe, sublime as nature's deepest tone,—  
The fretted stream, the threat'ning cloud, the sea  
Beneath the cliff. And thou canst be the work  
Of man, Triomphe? What manner of man was that?  
His strongest children Philip drove away  
Because they thought. And so they fled from him  
Across the Narrow Seas to dwell in peace  
Till Charles took up his mantle; and they fled  
Again, and put the broad seas once for all  
'Twixt them and tyranny.—Was't one of these?  
And I, his far-descended child, come back  
To glory in his work?—Certain it is,  
I have my part in thee, and thou in me.  
Knowst thou thy Vondel, Triomphe? and his songs  
And counter-songs? It is as if those harsh  
Church-voices,—Notre Dame and Saint Sauveur,  
With boom and jangle insonorously  
Did ask of thee, the beautiful and strong:—

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



*Hans Memling*

"St. John the Evangelist, with that trusting look on his sweet homely face"

### SONG

"Who is it that so high is seated,  
So deep in heaven's unsounded light?  
From time untold, in spheres unmeted,  
Eternally in His own light  
'Thout counterpoise, or stay from other  
That rests upon Himself at ease,  
And in His nature doth discover  
For all around him fixed decrees:

That's driven round One, the only centre,  
Or of itself unswerving runs,—  
The Spirit that in life doth enter,—  
The Soul of all,—the Sun of suns,—  
The Heart, the Fountain-Head, the Ocean,  
And Source of all the good that thence  
Flows forth, forever set in motion  
All of His grace, omnipotence,  
And wisdom that gave them their being  
All out of naught, ere stood a stone  
Of this abode, and all o'erseeing  
This heaven of heavens completed shone.  
We draw our wings before our faces,  
And fall in adoration down,  
While echoes of the heavenly places  
To answering praises shall resound.  
With seraph's feather first inscribing  
His awful name, let it rejoice  
Our ears, His majesty describing,—  
Answer, who lack not sense or voice!"

### XVI

Out of deep human heart, that goes not wrong,  
Make answer, Triomphe! Sing the Counter Song.

### COUNTER-SONG

"That's GOD! Infinite Essence eternal  
Of all that lives, forgive it us,—  
Forgive Thy creatures, O Supernal!  
Thy praises must be ever thus  
Unspeakable. Forever Nameless,  
Excellence that no tongue can say,—  
Forgive it us, and hold us blameless,—  
Or word or image Thee portray.  
Thou wert, Thou art the Never-Ending.  
Thou changest not. All angels' song  
Of praises faint, uncomprehending,  
Can do Thy majesty but wrong.  
For all else bears a title stated,  
But only Thine to none is known.  
To be Thy mouthpiece consecrated,  
Is awful claim, and Thine alone.  
'Tis Thou alone canst probe Thy nature:  
Thyself revealest, Only One!  
Vouchsafest not to any creature  
To know Thee as Thou art, Alone.  
Countless eternities' still Splendor,  
Glory of Glories, Light Unshared,  
That knowledge could more blessed render  
Than all for us Thy grace prepared.  
But that transcends. Our powers constrain us,  
And we grow old in heaven's days.  
Thou never. Let Thy strength sustain us.  
Exalt the Godhead! Sing His praise."

"La processée" has passed. I am alone.  
Triomphe is silent in the Belfry's crown.

## CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

### *The Ninth Annual Meeting of the College Art Association of America*

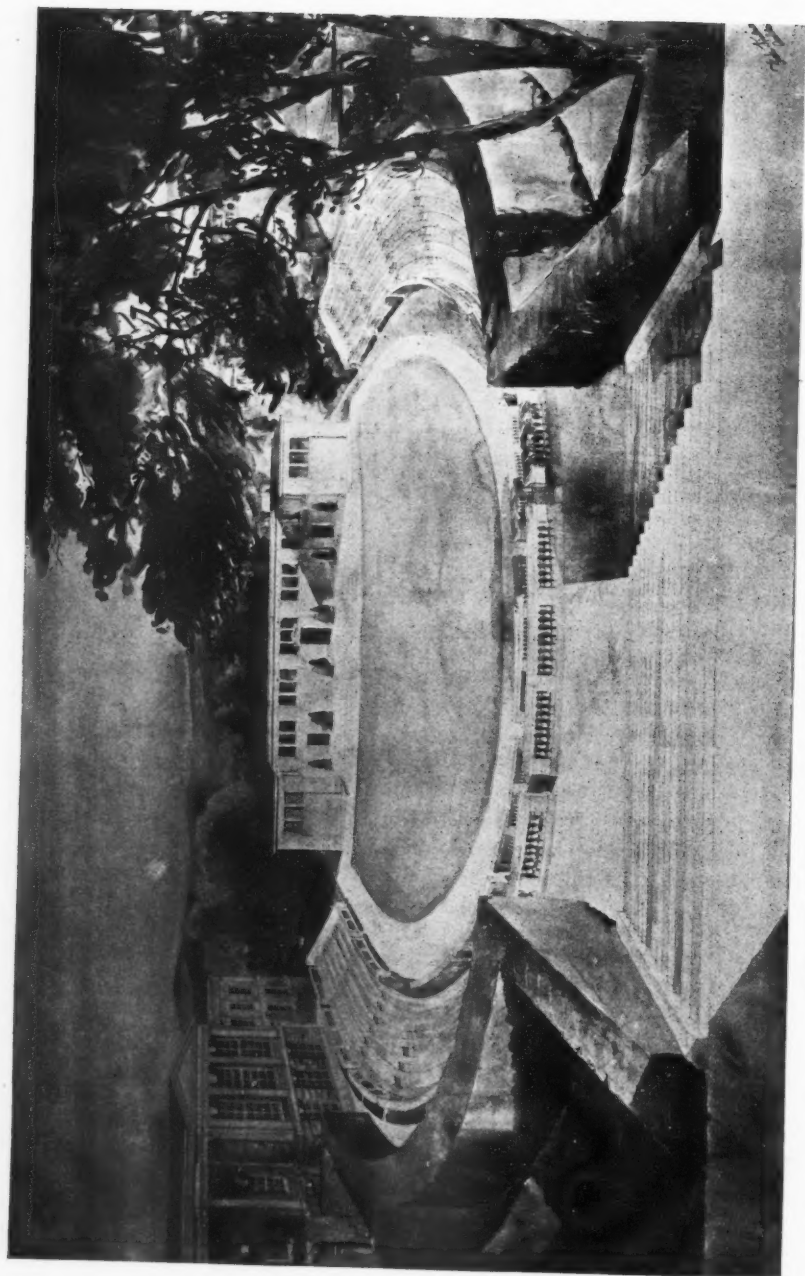
The ninth annual meeting of the College Art Association of America held at the Cleveland Museum of Art, April 1-3, was one of the most interesting in the history of the Association. The first session on April 1, was devoted to reports of committees. Arthur Pope of Harvard reported that the list of books for the college art library was now completed and would be published in the near future. Important and interesting papers were read by Edward W. Forbes, Fogg Art Museum, on The Importance of Instruction in the Technique of Paintings and Physical Care of Pictures; Charles F. Kelley of Ohio State University on Materials for Teaching the History of Oriental Art; Louis E. Lord of Oberlin College on A Russian Nineteenth Century Painter, Elias Repin; Arthur Edwin Bye of Bryn Mawr on Modern Dutch Art; Charles Upson Clark on Roumanian Art and Architecture. The dinner on the evening of April 1, was followed by a very lively round table discussion on Industrial Art. Joseph Pennell presented a paper on Sign Boards—One American Ideal in Art—The Effect of them on University Art Education; Charles A. Bennett, Peoria, spoke on A National Program of Industrial Art Education; R. F. Bach, Metropolitan Museum, on Industrial Arts *versus* Fine Arts in the Colleges; Arthur Pope spoke on Conditions governing artistic production at the present day and in earlier times.

On Friday, April 2, the sessions were held at Oberlin College where the Association had the pleasure of seeing the Dudley Peter Allen memorial building and was entertained by Clarence Ward. Papers were read at Oberlin on A Century of Art in Missouri by John S. Ankeney, University of Missouri; The Missouri State Capitol by John Pickard, University of Missouri; History of Interior Decoration by Rossiter Howard, Minneapolis Institute; Art Collections in Detroit by Clyde H. Burroughs, Detroit Museum; Art Collections at Toledo by Blake-More Godwin, Toledo Museum.

Saturday, April 3, a visit was paid to the collection of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Burke Jr., which contains some remarkable examples of the work of Millet and Corot. Papers were read at the morning session on University Extension Art Work by Jeannette Scott, Syracuse University, The Arts in a Democracy; P. P. Claxton, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.; J. Alden Weir, Duncan Phillips, Washington, D. C.; Can the American People be given a Fundamental Appreciation of Art? Elizabeth Kellogg, Cincinnati Museum; The Uses of the Textile Room of the Museum, F. Allen Whiting, Director. After the luncheon kindly given by the Museum a round table discussion followed on How Shall We Save the Humanities with a Special Reference to the History of Art. The discussion was followed by papers: Relationship in Art between the School and University, Mary Rogers, New York Training School for Teachers; A Solid Foundation for Courses in the History of the Arts, Henry T. Bailey, Cleveland School of Art; Educational Work of the Toledo Museum, Elizabeth J. Merrill, Toledo Museum; The Duty of the College to Art, Herman N. Matzen, Cleveland School of Art.

David M. Robinson of Johns Hopkins was reelected President, Paul J. Sachs of Harvard, Vice-President, and John Shapley, of Brown, Secretary.

D. M. R.



New Amphitheater at the University of Virginia. Designed by Fiske Kimball.

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

### *The University of Virginia Amphitheater*

Plans prepared by Fiske Kimball of the School of Architecture, for the open air amphitheater at the University of Virginia, for which a gift from Paul G. McIntire of \$60,000.00 was announced by President Alderman in his recent Founder's Day address, closely follow the famous amphitheater in the Boboli gardens of the Pitti palace in Florence. The theater is to occupy the hollow in front of the Commons between the Mechanical Laboratory and the Law School. A great horseshoe of stepseats of concrete, terminated by balustrades and hedges, surrounds a central space of greensward, at the back of which rises the stage building, similar to the stage of the ancient Greek theater.

The amphitheater is for use in all public functions requiring great seating capacity, but it is especially designed for the extension of the concerts which have been begun this year at the University under the auspices of the McIntire School of Fine Arts. The total seating capacity if 3,600 will permit the securing of the most famous artists, and the institution of an annual music festival of several days' duration, with one of the foremost symphony orchestras, a chorus of several hundred voices, and distinguished soloists. It is planned to make this event a leading feature in the musical life of the State.

### *Nineteenth International Exhibition of the Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh*

The series of International Exhibitions held at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, is in more than one respect unique.

In the first place, that series of annual showings of paintings is one of only two among all held the world over which are primarily international. This avowed aim plays no part in even the Paris Salon, to say nothing of the Royal Academy in London. The only other regularly recurring exhibit of paintings confessedly and of set purpose international is that in Venice.

A second feature distinguishing this series of exhibitions among all others is the fact that each year's jury is elected by the artists themselves. For the other big shows of current work, here and abroad, the juries are appointed by the authorities of the various institutions. In the case of those at Carnegie Institute, an elaborate system of balloting provides a means for the artists who send in works to choose the painters who are to judge them.

The jury so elected for the Nineteenth International Exhibition now being held consisted of Julius Olsson, of London, Andre Dauchez, of Paris; and, from America, Bruce Crane, Charles W. Hawthorne, Charles H. Davis, Emil Carlsen, Edward W. Redfield, Leonard Ochtman, Gardner Symons, and Edmund C. Tarbell. Mr. John W. Beatty, the Director of Fine Arts, served as Chairman.

A comprehensive survey of the Exhibition, with numerous illustrations, prepared by Virgil Barker, of our Board of Editors, will appear in the June number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

### *A Notable Gift of Etchings*

A notable gift has just come to the University of Virginia, through the McIntire School of Fine Arts, in a collection of etchings presented by the Hon. John Barton Payne, the Secretary of the Interior, a Virginian by birth, although many years a resident of Chicago.



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The etchings, some 180 in number, constitute the cream of those which adorned his house at Elmhurst in Chicago. They include some 26 Whistlers, 16 Hadens, 4 Rembrandts, 2 fine Zorns, several examples each of Legros, Lalane, Lepère, besides numerous examples of Pennell, Brangwyn, Haig, Cameron, MacLaughlan, and other leading contemporary etchers. There are also a large number of engraved portraits of the 18th century by such masters as Nanteuil, Duval, Strange, and others.

Besides its intrinsic beauty, the collection admirably illustrates the development of the art of etching by fine single examples of many early masters, such as the Dutchman Van de Velde, Ostade, Schoenmakers, Potter, and others.

The etchings are now on exhibition on the walls of the lecture room of the School of Fine Arts, pending the day when it is hoped they may become a nucleus of the contents of an Art Museum building worthy of the other artistic riches of the University.

### *An Art Pilgrimage to Europe*

The itinerary of the Art Pilgrimage to Europe under the intellectual guidance of Henry Turner Bailey, conducted by *Intercollegiate Tours*, Boston, extends from June 9 to September 13 and affords a wonderful opportunity to see the best art in Italy, France, Belgium and England and to visit the American battlefields.

### *Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the Metropolitan Museum, And Eleventh Annual Convention of the American Federation of Arts*

The American Federation of Arts held its Convention this year again in New York, May 18-21, in order that its members might participate in the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the Metropolitan Museum. The most important feature of this celebration was the special exhibition made up of a combination of the treasures of the Museum in all its departments with loans from private collections, incomparably the greatest exhibition of the fine arts ever held in New York. The program of the Convention of the Federation was devoted primarily to the establishment of Art Museums and Museum problems, the people's picture galleries, and industrial art, community art and the organization of Public School Art Societies.

### *Fifth Annual Meeting of the Arts Club of Washington*

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Arts Club of Washington was held at the Club House, April 29, 1920. Interesting reports were made indicating the growth of the year. The frequent performances of the Arts Club Players, and the progress made by the Committee on the erection of a Carillon in Washington call for especial mention. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, George Julian Zolnay; Vice-President, Mitchell Carroll; Corresponding Secretary, W. E. Safford; Recording Secretary, L. M. Leisenring; Treasurer, Roy L. Neuhauser; Elective members Board of Governors, Henry K. Bush-Brown, the retiring President, and Mrs. Charles A. Fairfax.

N. B.—By an inadvertence in the April number on p. 167, fig. 11, the photograph of the theatre at Ephesus was labelled as a photograph of D. M. Robinson. It should be stated that this photograph was taken by Dr. T. L. Shear.

—DAVID M. ROBINSON.

## BOOK CRITIQUES

*Collection of Mediæval and Renaissance Paintings. Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Harvard University Press, 1919.*

The publication, through the Harvard University Press, of a catalog of the "Mediæval and Renaissance Paintings in the Fogg Art Museum" at Cambridge should put on his inquiry the kindly Yale professor who recently, in Scribner's, generously remarked that Princeton was the American institution doing the best educational work in art. The catalog is ideal in its method and form and gives proof, if proof be needed, of the vitality imparted to the work at Harvard by the presence of a group of young and enthusiastic men, headed by the Fogg Museum's Director, Mr. Forbes. Our thanks are due to the compilers whose names appear (Miss Gilman, Messrs. Forbes, Pope, and Edgell) and to Mr. Paul Sachs, whose work is not defined but whose energy certainly gave impetus to the production. I would like to set down, informally, what the catalog has suggested.

In describing the pictures, the scientific color terminology of Dr. Ross is used. To the layman, dissociation from the usual terms is difficult. A standardization of color terms is to be desired and, in striving for it, we should seek the greatest exactitude. Undoubtedly, at some future day, all our pictures will be described according to a color-scale in which each tint will have an internationally recognized number. In noting the varieties of blue pigment, Mr. Forbes might have alluded to the sad thievery by which so very many ancient pictures have been deprived of their precious ultramarine, their scraped nudity being usually covered with a cheaper blue, which has now turned to a greenish black. The Siena gallery holds a small panel by Francesco di Giorgio, robbed and never restored, the gesso ground being white and staring. More than others, Fra Angelico's pictures retain their ultramarine, probably because, through the years, he never lacked popularity.

On page 29, the workshop of Pier Francesco Fiorentino is credited with many pictures formerly listed under that name by Mr. Berenson, whose amendment, however, should be noted, as set forth in the catalog of the Johnson collection. We might well follow

Prof. Mather's usage of "Pseudo P. F. F.," in speaking of the group. The late Herbert Horne once told me of his discovery of documents naming the three or four artists (followers of Fra Filippo), from whose florentine bottega these pictures emanated, but he never published them.

The catalog twice compares Ambrogio Lorenzetti to his older brother, Pietro, to the latter's disparagement. If we must have a comparison, what did Ambrogio do to equal Pietro's great picture of the Arezzo Pieve? Professor Edgell, though giving a very just appreciation of the Siennese school as a whole, does not do justice to Pacchiarotto, "who aped Perugino" (see his great picture at Buonconvento) and to Beccafumi, who was "orthodox and sooty." Beccafumi was uneven, it is true, but one can forgive a great deal to the painter of the "Stigmatisation of St. Catherine" of the Siena Academy. Prof. Edgell's present sojourn in Italy will give him the opportunity of a visit to Belforte in the Marches, where he will see one of the world's greatest pictures. Then he will no longer call Boccatis "a pleasant trifler." In Mr. Berenson's bedroom there hangs a little panel by Bonfigli, who therein does not appeal to one as "a chatterbox." Prof. Edgell may congratulate himself upon the fact that his lesser years will grant him a long opportunity to correct the mistakes of the older critics. To our personal knowledge, his feet are set in the right path and these comments are but a kindly rebuke for a slurring of old friends.

The Madonna attributed, with a question mark, to Antoniazio, belongs to an artist whose works are variously attributed to Antoniazio, Pintoricchio and Fiorenzo, yet who is none of them. There are a goodly number of pictures to be placed to the credit of this anonymity. As Mr. Berenson would say, "here is an opportunity for a younger critic."

I make bold to note, in opposition to our greatest critic of Siennese art, Mr. F. Mason Perkins, that the "John the Baptist," attributed to Giovanni di Pavlo, is not Siennese but Byzantine. This is one of the rare instances where a photograph is perniciously misleading.

This Scholarly work is an invaluable contribution to the study of Medicinal and Renaissance Art.

D. F. P.

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*Bedouins*, by James Huneker. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920.

Presto! A new book by Mr. Huneker is an event. The array of his brilliantly varied volumes is now made more impressive by the tri-partite collection of recent papers and old stories.

The section of fiction, "Idols and Ambergris," is the least important. The most striking of the stories go back to the now antiquated time when Satanism was affording a new thrill to blasé debutantes; they ring rather hollow now, and their thunder is of the stage stagey. Structurally, these stories seem put together—and, after all, not so very well put together—in cold blood; they are mathematical assemblages of marionettes. The author's elsewhere delightful habit of echoing the well-knowns (with the slight and subtle changes of the true echo) is here transformed into a dull mechanical trick.

The larger part of the volume is taken up with papers on music. Perhaps we had better say—music and Mary Garden; since some would maintain that the two are not synonymous. Some of us are inclined to marvel at Mr. Huneker's excess of language in treating of that Mary who, in spite of his dictum, is distinctly not of us in any characteristic sense. But every man jack among us has his blind spot, something over which he raves to the amazement of his comrades; and since the essence of good criticism is enthusiasm, it may follow that the best critic is the man who can rave best. Mr. Huneker's success in doing this over Miss Garden entitles him to the doubtful compliment of calling her "his Mary."

A good third of the volume is in the pure Hunkeresque jargon, and in the world today there is no more charming dialect. Enriched with the splendid phrases of all languages, it keeps the intellect alert to perceive the subtle beauties arising from its quaint juxtaposition of treasures rifled from the most widely scattered regions of art. But its greatest seeming incongruity is based on a deeper logic that reveals itself to the searching mind; for Mr. Huneker's own mind is too consummately complex not to love apparent paradox.

Only two of the essays included in this volume confessedly deal with any of the visual arts; but through all of them are scattered brief and penetrating glimpses of sculpture and painting. Amid a riot of music and literature we come upon an illuminating passage on Rodin;

half way through the essay on Poe and Chopin occur two lines on Monticelli which definitively "place" him. But twelve pages are devoted to Botticelli and a like number to George Luks. Within the limits of a single art, what greater contrast is possible? And the fact that Mr. Huneker writes finely of them both is an indication of his ability as a critic—who should be essentially a praiser of other men, as Swinburne so nobly said and at times so ignobly failed to practise. Indeed, in this sense Mr. Huneker is the greatest critic we now possess—the man with the most sensitive organization, the most comprehensive intellect, the broadest understanding of all the arts, the most contagious enthusiasm, and the greatest battery of sprightly words. When he goes about to make a book we can be joyful; even when he pads it out with "tommy rotic" (the word is his own) ravings and sorry fiction, we can find satisfaction in the genuine criticism not quite buried therein. Mr. Huneker has made another book. Bravo!

V. B.

*Kostas Palamas, Life Immovable. First Part. Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides, with introduction and notes by the translator. Cambridge. Harvard University Press, 1919.*

This volume is the first English translation of a work of the foremost representative of the present Literary Renaissance in Greece, of whom Eugene Clement in the *Revue des Études Grecques* has said: "Kostas Palamas is raised not only above all other poets of Modern Greece but above all poets of contemporary Europe. Though he is not the most known, he is incontestably the greatest." The translator is himself a splendid type of the cultured Greek, who has attained a mastery of English verse that makes him a notable figure among our younger poets. The introduction entitled "A New World Poet" is an essay on Palamas and his work, which shows how a modern Greek poet in interpreting the yearnings and aspirations of his people strikes a universal note that links him with the great masters of ancient Greece. The present volume contains only the first half of the *Life Immovable*. It consists of five collections of poems: "The Fatherlands," "The Return," "Fragments from the Song of the Sun," "Verses of a Familiar Tune," and "The Palm Tree." The lover of poetry will read them with absorbing interest and will realize that the Greek genius, manifest in the love of the beautiful and devotion to reason, is eternal.

M. C.

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